10

THE

TERRÆ FILIUS's SPEECH,

As it was to have been Spoken at the

PUBLICK ACT,

IN THE

THEATRE in *OXFORD*.

Omne animi vitium tanto conspectius in se,
Crimen habet, quanto qui peccat major habetur.

The SECOND EDITION,

LONDON:

Printed for L. GULLIVER; and Sold by the Booksellers in St. *Paul's-Church-Yard*, and at the Pamphlet-Shops of *London* and *Westminster*. 1733.

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Cum multa cuiusque vitia cognoscuntur in re,
Cum ipsi, qui ea fecerunt, ipsi ea fecisse nolunt.

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TERRÆ FILIUS's SPEECH.

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PUBLICK ACT, &c.

[Price Six-Pence.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS is to acquaint the Publick, that the Grave and Learned Dons of the famous Univerſity of *OXFORD*, knowing themſelves too deſerving of the LASH, have procur'd the Suppreſſion of this SPEECH at *Oxford*, as it was intended to have been publickly Spoken: We have therefore oblig'd the Publick with an authentick Copy of it, notwithſtanding the indefatigable Endeavours that have been made Uſe of to prevent it. For, according to the Poet,

— *Let the ſtricken Deer go weep.*

And every one knows, that

Conſcia mens recti famæ mendacia ridet.

THE

TERRÆ FILIUS's SPEECH.

REVEREND and RIGHT REVEREND FATHERS, and You the reſt that compoſe this *Honourable Aſſembly* (whether You profeſs Divinity, Law or Phyſick; for I believe moſt of you *profeſs* more than you *practiſe*, whether you have taken any *Degree* or no *Degree*, tho' a very ſmall *Degree* of Goodneſs I fear is to be found amongſt you all) we are here conven'd to ſet forth in a *true Light*, and *illuſtrate* the Actions of our Worthy *Governors*, and *Preceptors*: But what ſhall we ſay when it is to be fear'd a Man will never

be ſo much in the *Dark*, as when he attempts to *illuſtrate* on this Subject; A Subject in which is contain'd ſuch a Scene of *dark* Deeds, as muſt make the moſt *Brazen* of you Gentlemen bluſh (although you belong to *Brazen-Noſe* College) if it were poſſible to bring them all to *Light*? ---- But where to begin I am at a Loſs, ſiince every *Object*, that preſents itſelf, affords ample Matter for *Reproof* ---- But ſince the *Truth* muſt out, --- e'en let it go.

Imprimis then; but hold, *Imprimis* is a *Latin* Word, and I am afraid if I ſpeak in *Latin* a great many of you won't underſtand me. To ſpeak *Engliſh*, in the firſt Place, A Venerable Form preſents itſelf to my View, Venerable for Age if not for Wiſdom; Hail, *mitred Hog*! was thy Paunch ſo full that thou couldſt not evacuate any other way, than by beſtowing thy Favours on *Charming Eighteen*? How well does ſapleſs *Seventy* and buxom *Eighteen* agree? Much art thou, REVEREND

PRE-

PRELATE to be commended for thy *great Condescention*, since you married so young a Creature, to be sure, for no other Reason *than to instruct her in the right Way*. What shall we compare you to, VENERABLE Sir? Or to what may you be liken'd? You far surpass any of mortal Race, therefore shall be the Emblem of a *Deity* (I mean of an *Ægyptian* Deity, for I have heard say they worshipp'd Leeks)

In thee the Emblem of a Leek is seen,
Grey tho' your Head be, still your Tail is Green,

And so, Sir, to shew my great Respect for you, I have taken my Leave of you in Verse, for

Dignum laude Virum Musa vetat mori.
The Muse immortalizes the Man that is Praiseworthy.

Next to the B---p follows the Dean, tho' not of the same *Diocess*, yet of the same *College*. See where the *Young Upstart* struts with the Verger before him; well worthy must this REVEREND

Doctor be of his high *Dignity*, ſince to promote the *Exciſe Scheme* was his ſole Merit, whereby he attained ſuch ample Preferment: Now he may ceaſe to *preach*, and *print* in Favour of the C---t, unleſs the Hopes of *Lawn Sleeves* ſhould again inſpire his mercenary Pen.

Proceed we next to the egregious W----d of *Wad--m*, a Gentleman of the ſame *Kidney* as his Brother *Dean*. How well would the long-look'd for *Mitre* grace his awful Head? Doctor, ſhall I ask you a Queſtion; *An Expectatio vel fruitio melior?* As to the former, doubtleſs you may ſpeak very well on *Expectation*, becauſe you have long waited for a *Biſhoprick*; but I fear you will never be able to ſpeak experimentally of the latter, that is, *Fruition*; becauſe I believe you will *never enjoy one*: But however, this you can reſolve me, Whether your *Backſide* is in right Tune again to ride Poſt to Sir R----, if there ſhould be a Vacancy,

as

as they ſay you did once, and loſt ſo much *Leather*, as well as *Time* (which *to you, to be ſure, muſt be very valuable)* that you have yet hardly recover'd yourſelf? *Poor Gentleman!* may better Succeſs attend your next *Voyage*; you know beſt whether you are next *Oars*.

Long, little *P*---- of *T*----*y*, haſt thou expected the *Laſh*, and ſcreen'd thyſelf for Fear behind thy *barrel-gutted* Fellows? Say, Ought not the *Cornuted Stone-cutter* to have occupied his Talant on thee, for that abundant Complaiſance you paid his Wife before his Death? And ought not your own Prudence to be highly extolled, firſt to *ſh-t* in your Hat, and then to put it on your *own Head?* Long may ye live happy together, bleſt with *Collegiate Honours*, but take Care Mr. --- does not ſerve you in *your own Kind.*

The worthy H--D, and Men of *Baliol* (I mean *Belial*, for I believe it ſhould be

be ſo ſpelt, ſince they are wicked enough to deſerve that Title) are the next that demand our Attention. What *Sage Inſtructors* of Youth are you, ſince by your extraordinary *Mulcts* and *Fines* you teach them the *rediest* and *ſureſt Way* to ſpend their Money, and therefore it cannot be deny'd, that if they *improve* nothing by you (which 'tis to be fear'd they don't much) yet you *improve* by them. If I ask you a fair Queſtion, I know you won't anſwer me; and that is, What Addition did you receive to your Fellowſhips laſt Year from ſconcing and pinching poor Under Graduats? A Man might think your Houſe a *Purgatory*, ſince you take your Scholars *Money* to pray for their *Souls*, if he was not experimentally convinced. You never frequent *Chapel yourſelves* unleſs your *Office* conſtrains you to it.

Next for the *Jacobite Topers* of S. *John*'s. How many Bottles of humming double *Coll.* did you drink out the laſt Tenth of *June*? I warrant you

ſwig

wig'd till you were each as drunk as *David's* Sow, from the P---- to the *Servitors:* You had better call a House, nd agree to cut down Part of *Bagley-Wood*, and sell the Timber to maintain our *Children*, than spend it in the *Manner* you do.---But stay; Faith, GRAVE DONS, I ask ten thousand Par-ons, you are, or should be, all Bat-helors; and as all Artists must *answer Under-Batchelor* before they can take Degree, so no doubt but many a pret-Girl have *answer'd* under you. But, entlemen, you must pardon me, for present I am but a blunt Fellow.

Worcester would deserve my Com-ndation, had it one *good Quality* to ommend it, but they are all so con-nded Stupid, from the P--- to the *tchen-Scullion*, that it may be said them, as it was in good King *Al-d's* Days, There could not be found *riest* between the *Humber* and the *mes* that could read the Service in *in*; There can't be found one in

Wor-

Worceſter who can eaſily read it i
Engliſh, much leſs in *Latin*. You
Servant, Gentlemen of *Worceſter*;
think I have ſaid a great deal in you
Praiſe, ſince you follow the Exampl
of the *primitive Fathers*, who (befor
the Confuſion of Languages at *Babel*
ſpake but one *Tongue over the Face*
the whole Earth.

From hence let us take a Trip to th
Walls founded by *William* of *Wickha*
Here is a College govern'd by a Co
HEAD, and I believe a *Coxcomb*. M
W--d-n, your humble Servant: Ha
you been able to pay off your *Vintne*
Bill yet for *French* Wine and *Arrac*
Punch, with which you hir'd your *me*
cenary Fellows to vote for you? He
is a bleſſed Seminary of Learning g
vern'd by a *Boy*, who was elected
Boys. Could the *Picus Founder* pe
out of his Grave, and ſee the *Ri*
and *Revellings* here tranſacted,
would heartily repent of his Chari
How true is that Saying, *Golden Sc*
la

lars, Silver Batchelors, and Leaden Masters. But Mr. Chancellor of *B--l*, I hope no Offence, (though you now have relinquish'd your Fellowship, yet you are not asham'd to own from whence you receiv'd your Education) how came Mr. *Coxhead* to cut you out? What a prodigious Loss was it to the College that you was not elected *W--den?* Certainly you would have wrought a thorough Reformation in them, and by this Time have made them all as stanch *Whigs* as yourself: *B--d---w* tutor'd you, and you would have instructed them; there would have been rare *Anti-Monarchical Principles*, the Members by this Time would have been taught the *Legality* of taking up Arms against their Sovereign, and would have thought it highly commendable to have dethron'd him on every trivial Occasion, and beheaded him, as their brave Fore-fathers have done one of his Royal Ancestors.

Since we are ſo near *Queen*'s, I ſhould willingly ſtep in, but am afraid of having an *Ariſtotle*, or old *Crackanthorp* thrown at me for diſturbing the Gentlemen at their Study. Pray keep in your ſturdy *Bull-Dogs*, and ſuffer them not to fall on an *Innocent Man*. I ſubmit, Gentlemen, and do not pretend to repeat *Ariſtotle* by Heart, as ſome of you (to give you your Due) do, but I fear underſtand little beſides: This I am ſure of, you have no Knowledge of Good-manners. Imperious, haughty Fellows of *Queen*'s! proud even to a Proverb; all of beggarly Extraction, though now commenced petty Tyrants: How deſpicable are you Abroad? How Arbitrary within your own Walls, like Cocks on their own Dunghills? So true is the Saying of the excellent *Biographer*, Exhumile loco evecti plerumque ferociunt; *That Men of the meaneſt Extraction, when they come in Power, commonly prove the moſt Cruel.* May I be allowed to giv

give an Example of the Politeness of *Queen*'s Men; all that know *Queen*'s, knows that Incomparable Mr. G----, one of the Senior Fellows. This Gentleman some time ago had the Honour of a Visit from certain Ladies of Quality; they found him, at their Entrance, incumber'd with Books; the Gentleman (to shew his Manners) offer'd to stir, but still kept poring on, which occasioned one of the Ladies that knew him, to take the Liberty of asking the rest to sit. Well, Mr. G-----, how do you do? Don't you see we are come to make you a Visit? Women, avaunt! replies the unmannerly Don, or solve me the Sixth Proposition in *Euclid*. But they, resolv'd to plague him, still chatter'd on. The Sophist, finding he could no ways avoid the Interruption, threw aside his Books in a Passion, took his black Pipe that he had constantly smoked in for two Years, and was resolv'd to meditate, since they would not let him read; with his Eyes fix'd on the Ceiling, he sits like a senseless Log:

at laſt, the Spirit moves him to ſeize gently the Lady's Hand that ſate next him: She over-joy'd at the Turn, hoping ſomething elſe beſides Smoak would come out of his Mouth, willingly ſurrender'd her Hand. But, alas! how was ſhe miſtaken, when inſtead of a Kiſs, or a Panegyrick on the Whiteneſs of her Hand, he takes one of her Fingers and *ſtops his Pipe with it*. The Lady, feeling the Heat of the Fire, cries out, You burn my Finger, Sir. The ſage Don ſtares, and utters theſe Words, being the Pink of Complaiſance; *Indeed, Madam, I thought it had been my Tobacco-Stopper.* ---- Another of theſe polite Gentlemen lighting ſome Ladies home that had paid him a Viſit, loſt in Thought, I ſuppoſe, or dreaming he was ſurrounded by his *Poor Children*, cries out in a Paſſion to the Lady next him; Here, hold my Lanthorn, for I want to evacuate my Water; *that is, to piſs.* Courteous Fellows of *Queen*'s; may you from hence-

henceforth learn *Manners*, as well as *Greek* and *Latin*.

I would willingly next pay a Visit to *All-Souls*, if I could find it out; it us'd to stand on the Right-Hand above *Queen's*, but if we may judge from the Resort of its Members, we should guess it to be translated over the Way, and that the *Three Tuns* Tavern was *All-Souls* College, did not the Effigies of the Good Archbishop over the Door convince us to the contrary. Within these Walls inhabit your *Smarts*, your *Gallant Gentlemen*, who have *debauch'd* more Girls than they have read Books. Here are to be found your *Bene nati*, *Men born with every Thing but Brains*; your *Mediocriter docti*, that is *Blockeads*, for I believe, upon strict Examination, it may be so translated; your *Optime vestiti*, *Beaus* that have fine Cloaths, rustling Silk Gowns, and nothing else; that are as fit to pass Examination for a Fellowship, as *Caligula's* Horse was for a *Senator*, or Pope you know

know who was for a *Cardinal*, or the present D--n of *C----t* Church for a Bishop. What prodigious hard Students these Gentlemen are! What mere Book-Worms may be *smelt*, as well as seen, since the Stench that proceeded from a dead Cat, starv'd to Death in their Library, is a sensible Proof of what I say! Of what great Service was it then to them, that Colonel ----- left his Library to them, since they make such a *fragrant* as well as *flagrant* Use of it? No wonder what could induce one of the present worthy Members for the University of *Oxford* to build a fine House for their W--d--n after his Death, and design them sole Executors of his Will, since they are such promising Youths, and likely to make so good a Use of his Charity? Their extensive Capacity and Manhood towards the fair Sex, may be gather'd from the Motto engraven on a late Fruit-Woman's Piece of Plate which she presented them with, *viz.* Nulla dies sine Linea, *No Day without a S--ke*; and so 'tis

to

to be hoped ſhe will have her Belly full of that ſame. This is, Collegium Omnium Animalium, *All-Souls College.* They are *All Souls* indeed, but by their ſenſual Way of Life, you would think them to be *All Bodies* and no *Souls* at all. This, however, is certain, that they take more Care of their Bodies than they do of their Souls.

We muſt not paſs by that celebrated Manſion, which receives its Name from the Friar's Brazen Noſe affix'd to the Gate. Hail, Sacred Place! where *Bacon* improv'd ſo much that he became a Conjurer. But I preſume he was the firſt, and will be the laſt that ſhall ever be eſteemed ſo; for take them from Top to Bottom, you won't find one *Conjurer* amongſt them all now. But however, if none of them ſince him have imbib'd a ſufficient Stock of Learning to commence *Conjurers*, yet I am ſure they have Impudence enough to commence any thing; and if they do not inherit *Bacon*'s Vir-

tues,

tues, yet ſo great is the Magick of his *Brazen Noſe*, that it infects the Members of it with *Brazen Faces* ever ſince; What elſe can induce the worthy P--- to pun over his Bottle in his Brother's Words? But you may ſay, What is that to me if he has no Learning, his Brother has, and that is all one? That I deny, Good Sir, becauſe it muſt be allow'd, 'tis beſt for every Man to ſtand on his own Bottom; the Doctor, like a Parrot can rehearſe by Rote what he has been taught, and can talk Politicks as well as any Man, after his Brother has lectur'd him; therefore the Doctor is like the Moon. How ſo? A very odd Compariſon. Why, becauſe the Moon has no Light but what it borrows from the Sun, ſo the Doctor has no Wit but what he borrows from his Brother: Again, If one Smile won't ſerve your Turn, take another; the Doctor is like the Jack-Daw in the Fable, who ſtrutted in borrowed Feathers. If you think this laſt is more *apropos* than the firſt, I

am

am contented. Learned Gentlemen of *Brazen-Nose*, may a Man with Impunity be allow'd to give a modest Reason, why your College comes to engross so many good Livings? Because you have no Merit of your Own to deserve any Preferment, and therefore think it the wisest Way to buy up all the Advowsons you can meet with; and when they are thus possess'd by a Pack of B--heads, no one can pretend to a Superior Right since all deserve alike. Who can say then, that the Fellows of *Brazen-Nose* ar'n't all *Conjurers*, since they know how to secure the best Preferments to themselves, which is more than the rest of their Brethren of other Colleges can effect?

Lincoln comes next in Turn; but what can we say of *Lincoln* more than this? That it always was, and always will be, under the D--l's Inspection. To what Purpose did *Durham*'s Bishop leave you such large Legacies, if

 they

they are no better applied? Better had the charitable Prelate left his Riches to his Relations, than to an ungrateful College. What Good has *L-----n* ever produc'd ſince *L---p---on* ſlept? Would *J----m* tread in *M---ly*'s Steps, it might again retrieve its Honour, and emerge out of its preſent Obſcurity: But whilſt the Bed is preferr'd to Prayers, what Diſcipline can be expected: If the Paſtor goes aſtray, the Sheep to be ſure will quickly follow? Noted are the Fellows of *Lincoln* for nothing but their Lazineſs, yet we will ſtrain hard to give you a Specimen of their Wiſdom. One of theſe grave Dons amus'd himſelf with a favourite Cat, for the Sake of which, he order'd a Hole to be cut through his Chamber-Door, that pretty Puſs might have free Ingreſs and Regreſs; this Beauty conceiv'd, to the great Joy of its Maſter, and brought forth ſome handſome Kittens. Old *Conundrum* overjoy'd, communicates the good News to one of his Brethren, and told him withal, that

that he had but one Thing now to trouble him, and that was, as now he had more Cats than one, and had but one Hole cut in his Door, he muſt be oblig'd to make more, that the little Cats might go out and in, whereby he was afraid of taking Cold. Why, Brother, replies his Friend, won't one Hole ſerve them all? I am much obliged to you, anſwered the ſtupid old Don, for extricating me out of this Difficulty, for now I ſhall preſerve my Health, and have the Pleaſure of my Cats too, without any Inconveniency. A rare Specimen, indeed, of the *Lincoln Wits*.

Methinks, I ſcent toaſted Cheeſe; ſure we are upon the *Welſh* Borders. See the Fabrick founded by Queen *Elizabeth*, for the jolly *Cambro-Britons*. Mark well the Scrubbing-Poſt, that comfortable Relief to the itching Back. Here are your Heroes that vanquiſh Bargemen, and carry off the dead Bodies in Triumph to be anato-

miz'd, tho' they understand nothing of Anatomy themselves, yet they are willing the rest of the World should; and I am sure that's a good natur'd Action. Hur can Kick and Cuff if hur can't Dispute: Hur understands *Argumentum Baculinum* very well, and has this to say, That when hur leaves College, hur understands much more than hur did when hur left her nown Country, for, perhaps, by that Time, hur can spell hur own Name and write *English*, and that is more than Father and Mother Brother or Sister can do at Home. And so merry *Taffies*, I leave you, wishing you could as soon leave your Scrubbado behind you, as you do good Sense and Learning, when you retreat into your own Country.

Unfortunate *Exeter*! how shall I mention you? Still destin'd to be govern'd by old Women; no sooner drop'd *Matthew*, but worse succeeded: So true is that Proverb, That *after the old one's gone seldom comes a better*.

You

You can't be ſaid now to be Prieſt-ridden I am ſure (though you have enough of them, 'tis true in your College) but have ſubmitted to a more ignoble Yoke. Say, what could induce you to elect your preſent Rector? Perhaps, as he is lately returned from his Travels, you thought he could inſtruct you in foreign Modes and Faſhions; and faith, I believe, he is more able and willing to teach you them, than any real Good. I believe no one will reap any Benefit from this Gentleman's high Station but the fair *China-Woman*, who now will have a more pleaſing and vigorous Combatant in Love to cope with, than ſhrivel'd *Matthew* was. Learn firſt, Worthy Rector, to *govern yourſelf, and then you will be the better able to govern your College.*

I had almoſt overlook'd *Pembroke*, and I think it would have ſignify'd but little, ſince it is not worth *looking into*, or *looking upon*: But ſhall we forget

forget the Place where the *Author of University Education* reigns. Here's a pompous *Title-Page* to a Book (and I really commend the Doctor for it) because there is nothing in it besides. Says *Abstemious* Don, Have you never transgressed your own Rules? Never exceeded a Two-penny Commons, and a Half-penny Small for Dinner or Supper? How came the Cook then to convey every Night, privately, into your own Apartment, a cold Fowl or Neat's-Tongue, with a Bottle or two of good Wine to stuff your Maw with in secret, and yet when he dines in publick a very little Matter will suffice him. Faith, Doctor, I hate an Hypocrite; *Eat* and *Gorge*, and *get Drunk* publickly, as the rest of your Brother *Sculls* do: The Pain you feel from a *craving Appetite* must far surpass that secret Satisfaction you pretend to receive, from being esteemed a Man of Wonderful *Temperance* and *Sobriety*.

Pass

Paſs we on next to *Oriel*: And what is here to be ſeen? Why, all Sorts of Men, except *wiſe Men*, yet are they all *wiſe* enough in their *own Conceit* — But if theſe Gentlemen are eſteem'd deficient, their Neighbours of *Corpus* can abundantly ſupply them. They pretend to reſemble even the Almighty himſelf, who *is no Reſpecter of Perſons*, when in their Elections they would be thought to regard neither High or Low, Rich or Poor, but the Lad of the moſt Merit always carries the Day. And, perhaps, we might allow it, were they not all ſo confoundedly in Debt, that a Mercer's or Taylor's Bill ſoon ſcares them out of their *pious Reſolutions*. Therefore 'tis theſe chuſe the Scholars of *Corpus*, and not their own Fellows.

We ſay nothing of the *Merton Lollards*, becauſe nothing *good* is to be ſaid of *them*.

Let

Let us turn away our Eyes then from ſuch a *Stupid Generation*, and fix them on an *Object* that deſerves our Regard. Now for *Tropes* and *Figures*, and all the Flouriſhes of *Rhetorick* to celebrate this *egregious Man*. Had we *Demoſthenes*'s Genius, or *Tully*'s Eloquence, both might be diſplay'd on this Subject. Hail, Illuſtrious *Public Orator* of the Univerſity of *Oxford*! Hail, Egregious *C*----! You diſpel all the dark Miſts of *Calumny* and *Slander*, which envious Men endeavour to beſpatter you with, as the *Sun* does the Clouds in its *Meridian Altitude*. You thunder out *Fuſtian*, ſoar aloft in *Bombaſt*, and excel all that ever went before you; now, eſpecially you dwell in *Ætherial Manſions* among the Gods, and tread on *Stars*, drink *Nectar* and *Ambroſia* till you are as *Boozy*, as you commonly are with your own *Terreſtrial Ale*.

The

The laſt that claims our Obſervation, is, the Great *Hurlothrumbo*, with his *Myrmidons*. You will pardon me, Gentlemen, for placing you *laſt*, who might very well have demanded the firſt Place, ſince you are the muſt *uſeful Subjects* that his Majeſty has in that celebrated Place. If they are not ſerviceable in the *Republick of Letters*, yet they are in *another Way*, ſince, ſhould there be a War, and need any *Recruits*, the *Fellows* of *Magdalen* could with Pleaſure furniſh his Majeſty with a compleat *Regiment of Horſe, all of their own begetting*.

Theſe Gentlemen of *Maudlin*, are always *Maudling*, and therefore no wonder they are always prepared for the *Delights of* Venus; ſhould theſe, and their Brethren of St. *John*'s join Forces, doubtleſs, they would be able to bring a ſtronger Body of Forces into the Field, all of their own Progeny,

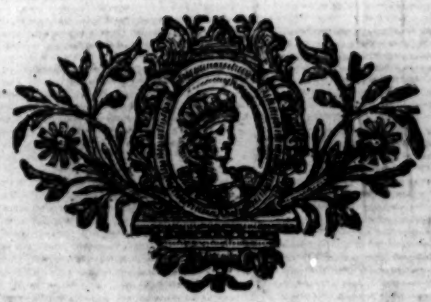
than our present *Standing Army* consists of, therefore are they dangerous Subjects as well as useful. Here you may see *little Brats* every Morning at the Buttery-Hatch, calling for hot Loaves and Butter in their *Papa's Name.*

Above all, let me commend the Ingenious Mr. --, who some Time ago resign'd his Fellowship in Favour of his eldest Son, having tasted the Delights of Marriage, and the Sweets of a senior Fellowship for sixteen Years together without Mistrust. Here is Prudence in Perfection, to see the *Son fix'd* before the *Sire quits his Hold.* An Example well worthy the Imitation of the rest of that *Learned Society*: A *Precedent* which, no doubt, will be quickly put in Practice.

Thus, most *Learned* and *Judicious Sirs*, I have endeavour'd to display the several *Talents* and *Excellencies* which the Sons of our bright *Alma-Mater* possess

poſſeſs. It may be wonder'd indeed, that as ſhe is *Oculus Britanniæ*, why *ſhe* cannot ſee her own Faults, as ſhe is one of the great Luminaries of *Albion*, how ſhe comes to contain ſo much Darkneſs in herſelf. If all that has been ſaid cannot work any Reformation in her, ſhe muſt perſue her own vicious Inclination, till we again celebrate this Publick Solemnity; and then I ſhall take t'other Trip to look into her Behaviour, but till then (as my Name imports) I ſink to the Shades below.

F I N I S.



oofels. It may be wonder'd indeed, hat as she is Oculus Britannia, why she annot see her own Faults, as she is one f the great Luminaries of Albion, ow she comes to contain so much Darkness in herself. If all that has een said cannot work any Reformaon in her, the mists perfuse her own cious Inclination, till we again celeate this Public Solemnity; and then Shall take t'other Trip to look into r Behaviour, but till then (as my ure imports) I link to the Shades low.

FINIS.